

THE SANGUINIST

COLLEGE RELIGIOUS
BULLETIN



TO ST. JOSEPH ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

We dedicate this number of the Religious Bulletin to our boys in the armed service. We pray God to fill the void emptiness in their hearts with His sustaining love. Our remembrance of them shall find tangible expression in the offering of our prayers and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.



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A DRAFTEE WRITES

“I had to live for four whole weeks without seeing a chaplain or hearing Holy Mass. Last Sunday when my first opportunity presented itself, and I was ‘allowed’ to hear Mass, it was like being united again with an old friend . . . The Catholic Religion means a great deal when a person feels low, blue, and so very lonely.”

Eloquent in their simplicity and truth, these thoughts were penned by a former student who a very short time ago shared with you the privilege of daily Mass and Communion. Over and over again we hear the same refrain from boys now in the service.

Far from home, uprooted from all the familiar little things that made life, that spelled home, friends, and blissful security—the draftee discovers the precious worth of his religion. Only too often it is the only remaining bond that connects him with the happy past. Only too often his religion is the one stabilizing force that keeps him from losing balance in a new world of strange, grim reality. And yet a reality which is so unlike the world of his serene past that it seems terrifyingly unreal.





YOU WRITE---THEY'LL FIGHT

In a general way we all are determined to do whatever we can to help win the war and to help make "it easier" for our boys who must face the guns, tanks and planes. But after all, isn't our resolve a rather vague, intangible thing? How to put it into concrete action is the problem. If you ask the boys what they want, most of them will cry loudly for "More letters!" " . . . Even if it's just a little note, please write." Yes . . .

"Just a little note . . . " but it was a vision to the young selectee as he lay blue, physically exhausted by endless drills, and it gave him more courage to sacrifice in order to save the home he loved.

"Just a little note . . . " but it brought a marine on Guadalcanal a message of hope, of love, of memory.

"Just a little note . . . " but it brought strength to a soldier in Tunisia as he sat near the body of his dead buddy. It gave him a little spur of hope to wait, to fight patiently for the day when he should meet friends left behind.

"Just a little note . . . "but it lit up a lonely, painful hour, a cheerless twilight hour of one who was very seriously battle-scarred.

"Just a little note . . . " but it lit up a lonely, painful hour, to add to the Cadet's glory in bringing down five enemy planes, and it spoke of gratitude for a favor done for country . . . and God.

"Just a little note . . . " but it brought that little bit of advice needed to one who was stumbling down the deep, dark ways of doubt and insecurity that come inevitably with war and horror and bloodshed.

"Just a little note . . . " but the hundred little notes were like the warm sparks struck from their writers' hearts, sparks that carried light and cheer and happiness and consolation.

And the world was very much happier, and the war was more gloriously won, because "just a little note . . . " had been written by thoughtful friends—and received.



Special Announcements

Next Friday, April 2, is the First Friday in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Every Sunday after dinner, approximately 12:50, there is a brief service of prayer and adoration in honor of the Blessed Sacrament for the intentions of our alumni in the armed service.



Prayer Of A Soldier In France

Joyce Kilmer

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).
I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread Holy Feet, upon my heart).
Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).
I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony of Bloody Sweat?)
My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).
Lord, Thou 'didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

